

NEWPORT GOSSIP.

Polo Games, Yachting Parties and Theatricals.

Reminiscences of the De- parted Oscar.

Pithy Points and Piquant Personalities.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NEWPORT, R. I., July 20, 1882. Apart from the fact that Saturday is likely to be the favorite day to go and see polo played, to the exclusion of Wednesday, a good old-fashioned sea fog threw a damper over yesterday's contest of the Reds and the Blues. While it was thundering and lightning in Boston a great cloud of damp, penetrating white mist rolled in from the ocean and settled down upon the scene of action where the Reds received an ignominious "whitewash." When even "Dead-Head Hill" was veiled in vapor, the game was brought to a close, the valiant Blues standing five as opposed to zero on the part of their contestants, and the carriages, which had for a quarter of an hour or so begun to roll away toward the avenue, soon entirely disappeared from the grounds. There were too few players—only four in all—to make the game really exciting, and, as may be inferred, the sides were rather unequally matched, altogether the best work being done by the Blues, both of whom managed their ponies and their implements capitally, and were always sure to send the ball flying at the critical moment with admirable precision. Mr. Hitchcock, a blonde and rather strongly built young gentleman, in a dark blue jersey and cap, and conspicuous white linen collars and cuffs, was fortunate in the possession of a steed which needed no urging; there was, too, a remarkable piebald, mounted by one of the Reds, that went like chain lightning, and elicited many compliments for "Old Calico." The Reds played with immense, perhaps superabundant, energy, and a gray pony suffered in particular from the spurs of his impetuous rider, but it was a forlorn hope, matched against the force and accuracy of the stalwart blonde, and the alertness of his graceful partner, Mr. Beach, who was, perhaps, even more successful. This latter performed a rather remarkable feat incidentally, in bending from his saddle without dismounting, and picking up his cap, which had fallen to the ground. Indeed, he was quite the hero of the day, and his coups de grace were hailed by ingenious fair spectators with such exclamations as "Oh, that same blue man!" Caps were lost more than once on both sides, and the hyacinthine locks of "that same blue man," the stiff black, Indian-like hair of his "red" rival, the excitable Bryce, were exposed for some time to the air—and the fog. The smiling umpire, Dr. Green, kept the best possible track of the contest, scarlet flag in hand, and mounted on a beautiful horse, more perfectly and regularly marked with white than any animal I have ever seen. There were fewer carriages than had been anticipated. One tandem appeared on the scene, and a conspicuous buggy with immense yellow wheels attracted some attention. Mr. Richardson and other prominent cottagers were among the spectators, and Messrs. Howland and Neilson Howard headed the equestrians, both

MOUNTED TO ADMIRATION.

There have been several notable yachting parties of late, but none more agreeable than that given on Monday by Mr. Nathan Appleton on board his brother's celebrated little yacht, the Alice. Mr. "Tom" Appleton was prevented from being present, to the regret of the company, which included Mrs. Amstead, Miss Astor, Miss Beckwith, Mr. Henry King of Georgia, who is, I believe, a brother of Lady Anglessea, Chap. Hayward of the Minnesota, Mr. Stone, Mr. C. W. Stuart and Mr. Windle. The sail on returning was delightful, owing to a refreshing breeze which tempered the extreme heat, and an elaborate and appetizing luncheon was generally enjoyed. Mr. Nathan Appleton is busy with multitudinous interests. Beside M. de Lesseps' schemes and the Society for the Protection of Animals, he has discovered a valuable property in the shape of a spring, which has been duly christened "The Undine." A statue by Miss Edmonia Lewis, which Mr. Appleton brought from Europe, comes in very inopportunistically to symbolize the water sprite, and will be erected on the spot. The Alice is a gallant little vessel, and flew right bravely past Mr. Lorillard's huge vessel, the Radia, and the beautiful Ambassador, which was about to leave for New York with the Messrs. Astor on board. In 1866 this staunch craft crossed the Atlantic with a party comprising, beside the crew, Capt. Clark, Mr. Harry Stanfield, and Mr. Charlie Longfellow.

Since "Caste" was presented, with the results duly chronicled in these letters, Mr. George Holland's company, minus, of course, Miss Dyas and Mr. F. F. Mackay, who were specially engaged for the first performances, has given two representations in the Casino Theatre with indifferent success. I did not see "Laila Astray," but I am told by competent judges of acting that, with the exception of Mr. E. M. Holland's Hector Placide, there was nothing in the performance to call for special mention. Last evening "Our American Cousin" was presented before a fair-sized audience, many of whom seemed entertained. I confess that I was bored, and so were others, for there was an apparent indisposition to sit the performance out. None the less, Mr. E. M. Holland was excellent, if neither a Jefferson nor a Raymond, as Ann Trenchard; this actor is one of the most satisfying to be found in a stock company. He has special gifts for the stage, including a mobile countenance and an alert and plastic manner, and, having been reared in the best of schools, is always conscientious, and, sometimes, very far indeed above mediocrity. Moreover, he never attempts what he cannot do thoroughly well, and the result is that his audience is sure to be satisfied. I wish that the same thing could be truthfully said of Mr. George Holland; certainly, he appeared to much better advantage as Lord Dundreary than as the hero of "Caste," and gave a very fair imitation of the late Mr. Sothern's characteristic manner; but it was, of course, only an imitation, and, to those who had seen the genuine article, it proved very much like cider after champagne. Mr. Holland makes the mistake of "cragging" in this part; Mr. Sothern, who invented most of the dialogue, could do this; but Mr. Holland ought not to. Several of his addenda were vulgar. Moreover, an English swell would not be apt to say "adore" instead of "shop," nor refer to trousers by that dreadful word "pantafoons." Mr. Joseph Holland is the youngest member of the family, and a promising actor; his performance of Abel Murcott was good for a comparative beginner. It was, by the way, in this rôle that Mr. Irving acted with Mr. Sothern and Mr. Raymond when "Our American Cousin" was played in Paris in '67.

THE LADIES

of Mr. George Holland's company belong to the artificial and purely theatric school, with the exception of Miss Vane, who was essentially natural as Mary Meredith, and confirmed the good impression created by her Polly Eccles. The Florence Trenchard was Miss Rose Keene. This part is a poor one to judge an actress by, despite the fact that the late Miss Laura Keene brought her sensitive personality and refined art to bear upon it. Miss Rose Keene impressed me as experienced, but what is known as "stagey," and as resembling Miss Rose Wood. She is announced as "the celebrated Californian actress," and yet I think I recall her as making a modest but successful debut at the Broadway Theatre, New York, as the Dauphin in "Louis XI." Like Miss Carlotta Evers, who essayed Georgia, Miss Rose Keene is what the French call a *cabotine des provinces*, and the wisdom, therefore, of forming a company for Newport of such material is not precisely clear. I am afraid that Mr. George Holland has thrown away what might have proved a very good opportunity, for a Newport audience, obviously made up of the best class of theatre-goers from the leading cities of the country, will not support an inferior troupe. Matters take on a different aspect, of course, when Miss Dyas is concerned in the representations. This accomplished actress is expected to return next week to act Lady Gay Spanker. I believe that Mr. George Holland would have been glad to have had the cooperation of Mr. Walden Ramzay in the performance of Wednesday next, but that favorite *jeune premier*, who is now in Newport, having returned from England on Monday last, is obliged to leave New York for California early next week with the Union Square Theatre company. Mr. Ramzay had a most enjoyable trip abroad, and visited both London and Paris, as well as Warwickshire and the region up the silvery Thames and the winding Wye.

Mr. Oscar Wilde left Newport for New York after giving a little dinner party at Hartmann's, the cuisine of which found much favor with him. He was introduced to its delightful mysteries by that well-informed bon vivant, his Uncle Sam Ward. I told you in the edition of Wednesday evening last of the entertainment given in his honor on Monday by Chaplain Hayward on board the United States war vessel Minnesota, but had not space to dilate on the lightome play of humor which marked the young aesthete in the catboat that bore him and his companions to the shore at the close of the dinner. Oscar was in a frolicsome mood; a fog was falling, and the air was damp and chilly. Remarking that the texture of his white pouge silk coat was not suited to the atmosphere, I regret to say that the lecturer on "The Decorative Arts" was forced to wrap himself up in one of the stuffed cushions covered with homely checked gingham! He did this laughingly at the suggestion of the skipper of the Zip-zo, who was disposed to be friendly. Mr. Wilde thought that, instead of eating down below decks, we should have dined up

in the shrouds somewhere, stationed upon one of those convenient platforms, to which delicacies should have been hauled up by ropes! Guns should have been fired—bring me game! A court-martial ought to have been held, and William, all in the Downs, should have parted from Susan, all in the dumps! Men who would not converse should be confined in the cockpit. In moments of ennui we would bombard the Casino; and, if perchance we sunk a boat full of journalists, *par hazard*, what reason for regret? Thus Oscar ratié on; custom cannot stifle his infinite variety. From this frothy badinage he passed as swiftly to the consideration of the relative merits of the

FAMOUS NOVELISTS.

Alphonse Daudet and Emile Zola. Needless to say, he prefers the former, so superior in imaginative power, to the gross writer who has aimed to substitute a purely scientific basis for the only true one in art beauty. Mr. Wilde does not admire the nervous, sensual family whose mixed career pervades Zola's works, but he recognizes the power with which they are drawn; he prefers "Pot-Bonille," one inexcusable chapter excepted, to "Nana," for which there is no excuse. Daudet wins his undivided allegiance. He found "Jack" stupid, but "Numa Koumestan," "Le Nabab," and, more particularly, "Les Rois in Exil" delighted him. He thought Henry James, Jr.'s critique on Alphonse Daudet, in a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly, rather weak and unsatisfying. Returning to Zola, a little-known novel of his in the earlier days of his career pleased Mr. Wilde's sense of beauty. You may remember it—the story of the boy and girl who elope after an episode of a wall and well that divide, à la Cupid and Psyche, their respective homes. One incident—that of the boy becoming angry and throwing a stone into the well which has been accustomed to mirror the faces of the lovers who have never met save as reflected in its surface—particularly pleases the poet-aesthete. When the waters are thus troubled the boy has a sudden fear that he will never see his fair neighbor's face again. However, they elope, and the tragic ending shows the young girl killed by a stray shell from a battlefield, and dying "with the mute reproach of virginity in her eyes!"

Oscar is now reading everything he can find about Japan; with our octavo standard ones he is scarcely satisfied, and Chaplain Hayward has recommended to him a capital French volume, "Le Japon des Nos Jours," and has told him he ought not to fail to see the Japanese returning home laden with camellias at a certain season of the year. Mr. Wilde thinks that "decorative" young women will at least be "decorative." Among other subjects he spoke of music and painting. He is always sorry when Alma Tadema, who, too, is "decorative," attempts to paint any but purely lay figures, his men and women being mere accessories, and no human beings. He regards Mme. Patti—to skip to lyric art—as a charming music box, and recalls with regret the spectacle of 4000 persons assembled at Cincinnati listening to her singing of "Home, Sweet Home," a sweet ballad which ought to be reserved for the drawing room. Mr. Wilde thinks that the lower classes in London care more for a higher order of music than the corresponding classes of Americans. In London they are not to be caught with cheap patriotic clap-net. He prefers Nilsson to Patti, both as singer and actress, and instances her Margherita in "Mediasole" as a noble achievement. You may not be surprised to learn that he apostrophizes her throat as like "a marble pillar." On the whole, to return to Newport from the æsthetic clouds, Mr. Wilde was very well received. He won the respect of most of those who had been prejudiced against him, thanks to a lecture more practical than purely theoretical, and in "society" he was a sufficient success to make his stay here agreeable. He is certainly, with all the affectations that have become second nature, a brilliant conversationalist and a most interesting individuality. As an example of his peculiarities, the following will serve: "What will you have to drink?" asked a friend in the Casino restaurant. "Oh, some of your American drinks, full of gorgeous coloring." "Do you mean gin-fizz?" queried a sprightly foreigner in his delightful patois. No, he did not mean gin-fizz, and no one could think what he did mean. At last the young lion tossed his mane impudently and gave it a name. "Well, a sherry cobbler, then!" When it was brought the comment was irresistible that there was much "gorgeous coloring" in it. The poet regarded the amber brown fluid pensively, shook up the ice and said: "Oh, I don't know, I don't know."

A VERY GOOD TONE?

The Carreno concert company, in which the beautiful Teresa, pianiste, her husband, Tagliapietra, the baritone, and Mlle. Rossini, of operatic renown, are included, will presently give concerts at the Casino, where, what with readings by Mr. George Kiddle and Mr. Sydney Woollett, and Mr. Timothy Adamowski's new opera, the libretto by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, not to speak of the current theatricals and an amateur performance of Gilbert's capital comedy, "Tom Cobb," the coming month is scarcely likely to be dull. Mr. Adamowski has permitted his friends to hear excerpts from his work, and some of these have won instant favor by their pure melody and musicianly form. Mrs. Ward Howe's libretto has, of course, had to be cut here and there to meet the exigencies of representation, so that that accomplished lady is disposed to consider that the success depends mainly on the music, and has hopes that it will be great. More than half the amount required—\$1000 in all—to guarantee the expenses has already been subscribed, Mr. Lorillard being the last generous patron, and, judging from the list of names, the audiences will be brilliant. Mr. Adamowski is very popular here, both personally and professionally.

Mrs. Osgood, the celebrated singer, has now proceeded to Vermont, after a western trip attended by much success; in Garden City, Minn., however, she more than once encountered that undesirable element, a whirlwind, and frequently had to seek refuge in the cellar of the residence where she was stopping. Mrs. Osgood has decided to remain in this country for another season. She was enthusiastically received in every western town she visited, and a well known *entrepreneur* offered her \$15,000 and expenses for two from Oct. 1 until May 1, not to sing oftener than four times a week; but Mrs. Osgood refused, as she would not bind herself to do that amount of work for twice the money. Mrs. Osgood is sure to duplicate her enormous English popularity in her native country, and it may possibly be more than a year before she is heard again by her London admirers.

Lord Mandeville is expected to arrive in Newport shortly, from his father's, the Duke of Manchester, possessions in the far West. This property is expected to yield the noble proprietor a large fortune. Lady Maudeville will arrive from England about the same time her husband is due here. The American trip of Capt. and Mrs. Paget has now been given up, and Mrs. Paron Stevens will not have the anticipated pleasure of receiving her beautiful daughter in Newport this year, a fact regretted by a wide circle of acquaintances. Fashionable society here has no sensations at present, and is looking forward to the promised appearance on Bellevue avenue, thanks to a fair Bostonian, of a turnout with four horses and ostenders! Yellow wheels go without saying. Several families among the cottagers can duplicate this display from their own stables, where all the materials lie *perdu*, but of late it has not been the vogue. In the mean time, several belles have laid wagers that they can walk the length of the ocean drive in a given length of time, which they proceed to do quietly one by one. This looks like copying an English fashion, but, as it is a remarkably good one, no one will be inclined to frown it down.

The announcement of the engagement in marriage of Mr. William Henry Huriburt, the distinguished editor of the New York World, has surprised his many acquaintances, who had thought him rowed to a life of celibacy. The lady is Mrs. Mary Neal Sherwood of Portland, Me., sister-in-law of Mrs. John Sherwood, two of whose daughters will be led to the altar before she becomes Mrs. Huriburt.

ANOTHER WEDDING

how on the cards is that of Mrs. Calhoun, sister of Gen. Custer, and whose husband was killed by the Indians at the same time as that lamented hero. Mrs. Calhoun is going to try frontier life again, for she marries Capt. Brown of the 5th Infantry. Both Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Custer have been visiting Mrs. McClellan at Gen. McClellan's beautiful country seat on Orange mountain, N. J.

Mrs. Bradley Martin of New York is competing with the Vanderbilts in purchases abroad; a desert service, which cost \$200, has just been completed for her by a Bond street jeweller. It consists of a dozen plates at \$75 apiece, a dozen standings for fruit and four jardinières; the paintings, from designs made by Angelica Kaufman, and including more than once her own portrait, were executed by an English artist. Such a possession ought to satisfy the æsthetic sense of the lecturer on "The Decorative Arts." Given the where-with-all, the arts would seem to follow.

The Town and Country Club will convene this year, after all; it is probable that the first reunion will be held on Tuesday of next week at the residence of Mrs. John Bigelow, who must not be confounded with the amiable and eccentric New Yorker of the same name. The meetings of the T. and C. are well known indispensable adjuncts of the season, and now, indeed, Newport realizes the injunction of the old philosopher—know thyself.

The charm of Newport after dark is sometimes rudely broken by sounds which not even the publicity of the electric light has been able to strike at the root of, and thus banish from thoroughfare made like moonday. To meet this emergency a Thames street shopkeeper springs to the rescue, armed with what appears to be an air-gun. Above this deadly weapon is a sign, upon which has been printed this legend, forever memorable:

"No smoke, or noise:
But gas can't stand it."

Who will mourn for Thomas?

WALSINGHAM.